

A stalkers war

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Summary: A Stalker, a human being thousand of thousand of years old with untold hatred towards the Tenno, wakes up in a ONI research facility that's under attack by the Covenant after getting transported to the halo universe by a orokin power source. Now he is dragged into the war and might even find his target somewhere between the stars.

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:** Hey everyone. I'm a big fan of both Halo and Warframe so I have been cooking this story up for some time now and finally thought: "Why not" and started writing it. Also The Stalker will have access to most but not all of the abilities that he have been reported using in-game. One more thing I'm making up most of his background since he (and generally everything from the past in Warframe) is mostly in complete mystery. Anyway hope you all like it and please leave a review. ;) ******

The arrival

The Grineer Fleet was not far from Venus, an invading fleet into the Corpus territory and of course the Tenno were getting involved as they always do. Though not to side with any of the two factions they were simply here to retrieve something for Lotus. A orokin power source. Powerful enough to wipe out whole colonies with ease. A part of a Tenno Moon Clan operating in the sector had been alerted. The clan had sent a four-man team, only one of them had any real skills the others were simple trainees that need to master their weapons once more.

Pathetic

The four Lisets cut through the clod voids of space all heading into the midst of the Grineer Gallons without being detected but not even the Tenno were aware of a fifth Liset following them into the fleet, this one colored pitch black with almost glowing red lines. The

Stalker followed the death marks that the strongest of them had.

The Stalker watched from his ships as the four Tenno landed on the hull of one of the gallions and nicely cut the armor away so they could crawl in and infiltrate the massive warship. The Stalker didn't need such methods. In a puff of black smoke he disappeared from his ship and appeared in the middle of hallway, his bow at the ready. A yelp came from behind him and he turned to greet the choked Grineer crewman. The crewman turned to run but an arrow ripped his head off before he could even take a step. The Stalker walked past the body of the crewman, a pool of blood forming in front of it as blood spilled from where the neck once had been. The door at the end of the hallway opened automatically when he got near it but stopped and looked at the head with his arrow through it hanging just next to it. He took hold of the arrow and ripped it out. He needed to preserve his arrows for the Tenno after all. He went through the door and it closed behind him.

Finding the Tennos wasn't very hard, the alarms almost pin pointed their position, and the Stalker had no problem listening in on the Grineer soldiers without being seen or heard. The Stalker finally found his pray. They had forced their way into the room where the Grineer stored the orokin power source. The room was swarming with Grineer and more was pouring in from the side corridors. This was where the Stalker chose to strike.

"_Tennos, your crimes are uncountable. You must be punished for all the innocent lives you have taken. Death will be your payment and I have come to collect it._" The Stalker whispered into the Tennos minds as he appeared in puff of smoke, surprising the Grinners around him. The Grineers were torn apart as the Stalker swung his scythe around himself, blood and body parts landing everywhere on the floor and walls. The Stalker broke into a sprint heading straight for the nearest Tenno. The Stalker found his first target a lone Excalibur that had been too cocky and went on his own. It was clearly not the one with the death mark. The Tenno took a more aggressive stance as soon as he spotted the Stalker rushing straight at him. The Tenno took aim with his Braton and fired at the Stalker who dodged with ease and the few bullets that hit home did little to his strong energy shield. The Stalker grabbed one of his despair knives and threw it, cutting straight through the Excalibur's weak shield and into his right upper arm. The Tenno let go of his primary weapon and tried get the small knife out of his arm but had to dodge the large scythe in the last second, the scythes blade digging deep into the metal floor. The Excalibur recovered fast and launched himself into a slash dash only to hit thin air as the Stalker had flipped backwards out the attack's deadly path. The Stalker quickly followed up a swing of the scythe aimed at the confused Excalibur's head. The head hit the floor with a thud and the body collapsed unto the floor joining the pile of twisted, bloody Grineer bodies. The Stalker saw something out of the corner of his eyes rushing towards him. He barely dodged the arrow rushing through the air where his head had been only a second ago. He turned to see who had dared to shoot at him and two other Tennos, the last two trainees, A Loki and a Rhino. The Stalker allowed himself a small smile as he mockingly challenged the two for a fight, the two, fueled by the thirst for revenge, accepted.

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The Stalker walked the last part of the way up to the Grineer container that stored the orokin power source and found his real target, an Ember Prime. On the floor next to her was a small metallic suitcase, the orokin power source was probably stored in that one, and in her hands rested a Reaper Prime. Her head tilted to one side. An unspoken question.

What have you done my comrades?

I killed them all. The Stalker mentally whispered, his voice emotionless.

The Stalker showed the Ember the obliquely cut half of the Loki's head he had hidden behind his back. The Ember Prime was disgusted by the Stalkers actions if the body language was anything to go by, but that soon turned into burning rage, literally burning. Flames and fire sprung up everywhere as her World On Fire slowly powered up to unleash its wrath upon the Stalker and everyone else unfortunate enough to be inside the room and beyond. The Grineers screamed in agony as they burned to death in mere seconds, the computers and other equipment exploded with large sparks as their hardware burst from the overheated air. An almost unearthly scream of anger escaped the Ember Primes throat, almost rivaling that of a Valkyr, and charged at the Stalker who was already busy jumping for his dear life from the small pillars of flames that erupted from the floor underneath him as if they had a mind of their own. The Stalker parried the Ember Primes strike only to have to throw himself back to save himself from a new pillar of deadly fire. The Ember Prime rushed straight through the flames, not taking any damage for the lethal flames as she swung the Reaper Prime at him once more. He managed to push the Reaper aside with his Hate and managed to deliver an elbow into her guts before having to retreat from the almost living flames once more. The Ember Prime recovered and prepared a fireball but was hit by the Stalkers Slash Dash. The powerful slash didn't kill her but she was sent through the air, the fireball launching from her hand straight at the metallic suitcase. The suitcase exploded with the orokin power source inside. The immense amounts of energy was released and shock wave blew out all the flames and the warframe users was sent into a wall each, hanging there for a few minutes, both of them nearly getting crushed and turned into bloody plumbs from the pressure. The shock wave died down and the two combatants fell to the floor. The Stalker was about to get back on his feet, still holding on to his Hate, when an implosion from where the power source had detonated. A black hole appeared and began to suck in everything that wasn't nailed down. The Stalker desperately smashed the blade of his scythe into the floor but the only effect it had was craving a deep rift in the metal floor until the weapon got loose and he was sucked feet first into the black hole.

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Year: 2551 May 4

Taking fire!

We're getting slaughtered out here!

Where's our reinforcement!

_We're falling back to delta, Alpha is lost repeat alpha is

lost!_

The covenants are everywhere!

We're cut off, taking fire from all sides!

The Situation on the ONI Research facility located on a large asteroid at the edge of known human space was under heavy attack from a covenant assault fleet. Spirits, Phantoms and Banshees swarmed around the asteroid, deploying troops or providing aerial fire support wherever they could. Human corpses littered the hallways both marines and civilians alike, no one were spared. The human soldiers fought desperately but in the end in vain against the both technological and numerous superior Covenant.

"Come on, hurry up!" yelled a scientist while he pushed a mobile cryotube further down the hallway, away from the fighting that was slowly but surely pushing towards them, a few other civilians were carrying a large box its content unknown to them. "We need to get this out of here. It's too valuable to leave it to the cove..."

The scientist was hit by four needles through the back, he dropped dead almost instantly. The marines escorting them turned to fire at the covenant advance team that had found them. Bullets and plasma fire was exchanged between the two groups. The marines managed to deal with the grunts without much trouble however the elites were a whole other story. The Elites were fast-moving with deadly precision and the blood thirst of a dark god, the human's numbers were quickly dwindling. A stray plasma bolt hit the cryotubes control panel, unintentionally starting up heating program. The hatch to the tube opened up and its content fell out unto the metal plated floor.

The Stalker felt himself coming back to consciousness, he tried to stand up but his limbs felt weak and his vision was blurry. He shook his head. He looked up at the sound of battle and people dying. He was met with a view to the covenant forces pushing forwards. He looked to his sides, seeing humans slowly retreating while trying to halt the covenants advance.

_What's happening? Where am I? _The Stalker thought to himself. Blast of plasma hit him square in the chest, his shields absorbing it but still made him stumble back a few steps.

_Alright those guys have it coming now. _He reached for his Despair knives only to find that they were missing. Choked he reached behind his back, searching for his bow, arrows and scythe, only find that they were missing too. _Where are all my weapons?_ The Stalker looked around until he spotted the box. _Maybe there? _He reached for the box only to have to pull back from another blast of plasma.

Pricks

He used Smoke Screen to hide himself in the smoke. The covenants were taken aback at the sudden smoke cloud that hindered their view at the humans. A sound of steel swinging through the air was heard from within the smoke and the covenants prepared for anything. Three knives rushed out of the smoke cloud and buried themselves into the heads of two jackals and an elite, all three dropping dead instantly. The rest of the advance team didn't have time to react to their

sudden fallen before the black figure of the Stalker came sprinting out of the smoke, straight at the group of aliens. The covenants took aim and all were about to pull the trigger when the Stalker became a blur of black and red. The moment the Stalker was behind the aliens having used Slash Dash to cut his way through the middle of the alien's ranks. Meanwhile the smoke was clearing allowing the remaining humans to see what was happening in front of them. The covenants were frozen in place by fear for this new demon, they could only stand there and look at the demons back as the fear took roots in them. The Stalker turned around, his scythe in hand, and charged at the aliens once more. Blood stains on the wall and body parts were everywhere, the Stalker slashed with such brutality, such savagery, such deep hatred. He UNSC personal could only watch in awe and disgust as the covenants were ripped apart one after the other.

The Stalker breathed out, the last of the covenants having fallen to his blade, and looked at the carnage around him. He had lost himself to his anger for a brief moment, a memory from the old time during the orokin era, before the Tenno destroyed everything. A sudden sting of pain dug its way into his skull, he grabbed his head with both hand, letting go of his weapon to do so. Old memories resurfacing, images and sounds of a great betrayal, the day the Tenno destroyed the empire of man. Ruined cities and the blood of the innocent flooding the cities ruined streets of a now long forgotten age.

No! Stop it! The pain I can't take it so much pain I-it hurts so much.

A hand rested itself on his shoulder, bringing him out of the dark and painful memories and he looked up to the owner of the hand. Standing by his side stood one of the marines, a concerned and a bit fearful expression on his face. "A-are you alright buddy?" A small smile crossed the marine's lips. The Stalker stared at the soldier for a long time with his creepy helmet, the marine getting more and more nervous by the second, before he nodded his head a few times slowly.

Y-yeah. The mental voice reached all the humans. The humans were surprised and looked around to locate the source and after a few minutes they all realized that it had come from the Stalker. The voice had felt heavy, like it was weighted down by eons of sorrow and old hatred but among all that was a spark of gratitude and confusion. I-I'm fine now Thank you._

It was first now that the Stalker realized that he was on his knees, the multicolored mix of the alien's blood painting his armored legs. He got back up on his feet and picked up his large scythe from the floor. He felt confused. Emotions long forgotten after thousands of years of battle were awakening from deepest and blackest pit inside him. Why were they awakening now? Was it because of the comfort from that soldier? It must have been. He felt proud almost happy that someone relayed on him once more... it felt good.

Are there any more of those things around here? He asked the marine next to him, his voice still heavy but now with a sudden spring of concern. The marine nodded his head.

"Yes lots of them." The Stalker placed his scythe on his back and pulled out his bow.

Then I will take care of them all. Alert everyone else about my presence and that I'm an ally

He began walking away from the group of humans, the way the Covenant advance force had come from.

"Wait!" The marine called out, the Stalker stopped and turned half way around to look at the soldier. "W-who are you?" He asked.

I'm the Stalker, I will be the dread of our enemies, and I'm the bringer of their despair for I'm a manifestation of hate

With that said the Stalker turned around again and sprinted down the hallway with great speed. He smiled to himself. It wasn't a sinister or evil smile that been the only smile he had known for untold millennia but one of happiness. He didn't know why only that he need to protect it and that he wouldn't let go of it again.

2. Welcome on the team

**A/N: Hey everyone I'm back with a new chapter so I hope you all like it and remember to leave a short review... I like reviews, anyway enjoy. **

Year: 2552 May 9

The room was dark and drowned in silence a few sparks from the destroyed light sources illuminated the room's bloodstained walls and dead humans laid across the room. Some hung from the walls with arrows through their chests or heads others laid on tumbled over furniture with full of hole and missing limbs. In the center of the room stood the figure of the Stalker and observed his work before he grabbed a served arm and used it to clean his Hate from the stains of blood on the huge blade. When he was done cleaning his weapon he threw the arm away and started looking through the mess that had once been a neatly clean room. Bodies and furniture were turned over or moved until the Stalker finally found what he was looking for, a small data chip. He allowed a small smile to make its way across him lips and placed the chip in a pocket. He pulled out a communication device from another pocket and activated it.

"Objective retrieved, mission was a success." The voice sounded mechanical but the receiver of the message didn't bother about that.

"Roger that Stalker, we'll prepare transport 5 blocks to your northâ€ should be there in 10 minutes." The Stalker turned on his heels and headed for the destroyed door that he had cut to pieces when he had entered and begun his little killing spree. On his way out he grabbed his M7S SMG and placed it on his back near his waist. He didn't really like the weapons the UNSC had available but after a few rather dangers missions he had realized that he had no way of resupplying his knives and arrows, the UNSC simply didn't have the right resources or facilities to produce more of them.

"Roger that command." The mechanical voice came again. The Stalker shrugged, he hated the voice he needed to use when he had to communicate with others over the radio. The range of his metal link with others wasn't that great and became weaker the further away

people was from him, just as if you tried to talk with someone normally but he had lost the ability to speak a long time ago and now had to rely on this mental link to speak. The mechanical voice device responded to sudden neural commands and then it played the words that he wanted say so he could theoretically speak but chose not to.

The Stalker reached the top of the building's roof and got a nice view over one of the cities on the planet of Mamore. ONI had received a hint from someone about the location of a small insurrection hideout and they had then sent the Stalker to gather whatever information he could on the traitors. Having taking in the scenery for a few more seconds he turned to buildings towards north and started sprinting towards the edge of building and jumped, he landed on the next building with a roll to take off most of the force and started sprinting again towards the next building in line. He copied this progress a few times before he stopped on top of a building far away from the first one and spotted an ONI undercover van waiting for him right in front of the building entrance. He used Invisibility, an ability he had copied from a Loki thousands of years before he ended up in this universe, and jumped down from the two-story building and walked to the back of the van and opened the back door and stepped into the empty cargo hold and bang on the end wall with a hand.

Let us out of here before any rebel reinforcements arrive and starts looking for us

The drive gave a small yelp from the sudden bang and the heavy mental voice inside his head.

"A-alright good job by the way agent." The driver call as he stepped on the speeder and the van started moving.

_The job is first done when this mess is clean up and this planets population safe again. _The drive didn't answer and focused on the road ahead of them.

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****The next day****

Urban Holland, the commanding officer of Special Warfare Group Three, was standing in very well looked like the command center of an UNSC military base. However this was an ONI base and on the other side of the large holotable stood the female director of the ONI personal on Mamore, she seemed pleased with the data that the Stalker had retrieved, and now watched the holographic images of the insurrectionists getting their asses handed to them on a silver plate. Holland had taken a liking in the Spartan YSS-1000 Saber pilot, B312, She would be nice to have in Noble team as the new Noble Six. But the Spartan wasn't the only one that had caught Holland's attention. Every so often his eyes would wander over to the corner of the room where the Stalker sat in a meditation position. His arms rested on his thighs with his hand crossing over each other and palms upwards, a special void key floated a few centimeters above the crossed hands, spinning slowly around, and emitted small pulses of energy every now and then. Holland had been told about the Stalker from the ONI director and what little they really knew about the mysterious being that the Stalker was. Holland would have liked to talk to the Stalker about joining Noble Team too but he had been in that meditation ever since Holland had arrived and he didn't dare

interrupt him and just hoped that the two of them had time to talk before Holland had to leave.

The Stalker didn't really care much about how the operation went, he knew that the data he had delivered had been crucial for the operations success and now it was up to the brave men and women of both the Spartan companies and marines to handle the rest. Since he didn't have anything to do right now he had taken the liberty to take out this void key that allowed his mind to travel through it.

The void was different here than back in his own universe. It felt more peaceful, more clean than the corrupted void towers that were spread out in the void back home. If he had to describe it in a way it felt like his mind was flying on a strong yet gentle wind through an ocean of light with occasional rock formations scattered out everywhere. It was relaxing to fly over and in between the rock formations and every time he touched the sea of light he would make ripples in it that spread far into the horizon. He was about to return to his body when a ripple suddenly approached him, it was weak but was there. He stopped and landed on the light, a new ripple emitted from under his feet. He looked around with confusion. There was someone else in the void with him. He looked in the direction the ripple had come from and took off towards its source. He raced through the void at impressive speed and soon saw a dark figure in the endless sea of light. Whatever it was it was trying to get away from him.

_Whoever it is he sure don't want me to find out who he is. _

The Stalker sped up covering the distance between them, details began to stand out and soon he could make out the forms of the Ember Prime he had hunted before being sent to the Halo universe. A Fireball was fired at him and managed to dodge it just in time before it hit him right in the chest. He lunged forwards and tackled the Ember Prime. Both of, the Stalker holding on to the Ember, it hit light below them and was swallowed by it as if it had been water. The two battled with each other in the water-like light, The Ember trying to get free with punches and kicks to his stomach. Meanwhile painful images assaulted their minds, a result from diving into the light. The Stalker let out a silent scream of pain and let go of his target. He kicked off on the Ember towards the surface of light and crawled out of it and stood on shaky legs and breathed heavily the images fading but left the pain behind. Soon after He had gotten up from the light and Ember did the same further away from him, she looked like she was in even more pain than him. Turned her back to him and started sprinting away from him, slowly getting more and more transparent as she ran, she was leaving the void. When she was entirely gone the Stalker left too.

He awoke in his own body with a silent gasp, the sound of the void key hitting the floor was heard when the Stalker rushed to his feet and ran to the holotable, the ONI director and Holland looked choked and confused at the Stalker when he nearly smashed into the table with his entire body. He tabbed the on the control with unsteady hands and the holographic image over the long since won battlefield changed to an image of the beautiful city of New Alexandria on Reach.

Yes that's the city I saw in the void only that it was burning and the Ember Prime was there too. He thought to himself.

The Stalker hung his head for a moment then looked Holland in the eyes.

_Youâ€| you wanted me on your special team right? _The mental voice seemed stressed and exhausted. Holland was surprised that the Stalker knew that, he hadn't even asked to him about only to a few other here on the base. _He must have listened in on us while we weren't aware of his presence_. Holland thought to himself.

"Yes that's right why do yoâ€|"

_I want in on the team. _The Stalker interrupted with a voice that didn't told everyone present that this wasn't up to discussion. Holland had thought that it had required much more persuasion to get the Stalker to accept his offer. Maybe it had something to do with whatever had gotten the Stalker fired up like that. He pushed the thought away.

"I'm glad you accepted, Welcome to Noble Team Seven." Holland held out his hand to shake The Stalkers but the Stalker didn't care and walked right past the colonel and out of the room. He only thought about his target.

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****A few hours later****

The Stalker sat on his bed in his chamber. It wasn't much and most of all looked like a large closet with nothing else than a bed, a small lamp hanging from the roof that light up the room, and a weapons rack designed for all his weapons on the wall opposite from the bed. He was breathing fast and heavily, almost hyperventilating, as the images from the void passed before his eyes. Images of great horror from the past andâ€| how the future might would look like. One of them he hated the most was one of himself covered in something that looked like the infection back from his own universe on a mountain of human corpses kneeling before a great â€| being made up of this infection. The being was pleasedâ€| He could feel it, it was happy for having reached its goal, the absorption of all life.

He shook his head, he felt disgusted with himself that he would bow before such a beast. With a quick move he got up from the bed, he needed to occupy his mind with something or else the images would return. He went through the door to his chamber and headed for the armory, he needed to shot something and fast.

Minutes later the Stalker stood at the firing range pumping out bullets from a magnum as fast as it could. The gun clicked empty and with quick moves the Stalker had discarded the empty magazine and loaded a new one into it and fired again, the magazine soon empty again.

"Can't sleep?" Asked someone while the Stalker was about to reload another clip into his gun. The Stalker turned towards the door where the voice had come from and saw colonel Holland slowly walking up to him.

_Hollandâ€|sirâ€| I need to remember say that from now on. _The Stalker said as he pressed a bottom and the target halfway down the firing range came rushing forward and stopped in front of the Stalker

and Holland, bullet holes were everywhere around where the heart should be and in the head. Holland looked at the target for a moment then turned back to the Stalker.

"How do you like our weapons?" The stalker shrugged and dropped the magnum on the table between him and the target.

The magnum is a fine heavy pistol but I like the Lex back home betterâ€¦ has more impact, accuracy and armor penetration. Holland just nodded. He didn't know what a Lex was like. The two stood in silence and the Stalker returned to his firing practice. After the Stalker had emptied yet another clip decided Holland to join in. Holland grabbed a magnum from one of the weapons racks opposite to the firing range, loading a clip into it, and took a stance beside the Stalker and fired at his own target. It had been some time since he had last fired a gun and was a bit out of practice. When both of them were finished emptying their guns turned Holland to the Stalker yet again.

"Actually was going to give you something tomorrow but I can just give it to you now." Holland stuck a hand in a pocket and pulled out freshly made dog tags and gave them to the Stalker. The Stalker looked at them. They displayed his name, as Stalker, his rank, as warrant officer, his height and weight and at bottom it spelled UNSC.

"Welcome to Special Warfare Group Three as noble seven, warrant officer Stalker." The Stalker looked up from the dog tags to Holland, not saying anything. "Your next operations will take place on Reach, there you'll also meet up with the rest of your team." With that Holland gave a short salute and walked out the door, leaving the Stalker back on the range. The Stalker looked back down on the dog tags before he placed them around his neck, a weak magnetic field keeping the tags in place on his upper chest so they wouldn't be a hindrance when he had to run or fight, and gave a small smile. He had heard a lot about the Spartans and their deepsâ€¦ time see if the rumors are true to their words.

End
file.